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The Secret Little Family

The living room of Ken's quiet suburban house was drenched in soft morning sunlight.

Unlike the sleek, sterile high-rises most idols favored, this two-story home sat nestled behind tall bamboo fences in a peaceful, gated enclave an hour away from the studio bustle.

It was Ken's sanctuary-a world meticulously guarded from cameras, managers, and the relentless hum of public life.

And currently, that sanctuary was being held hostage by a three-foot-tall dictator in matching black sweatpants.

"Dada," a tiny, authoritative voice called out from the low rug. "Straight. Not crooked."

Ken sat cross-legged on the floor, holding a tiny glittery pink hair elastic between his tattooed fingers.

His brow was furrowed with more intense concentration than he had ever applied to an arena soundcheck. "I'm trying, Diwa. Your hair has too many opinions today."

"Because it's my hair," Diwa replied matter-of-factly, crossing her small arms over her chest and looking up at him with dark, heavy-lidded eyes that were an exact, uncanny carbon copy of his own.

At barely three years old, Diwa Suson possessed two distinct superpowers: her father's signature unbothered stare and her mother's razor-sharp tongue. She wore a miniature black oversized hoodie, a tiny plastic silver chain, and toddler-sized combat boots that she refused to take off even indoors.

"See? That's your mother talking," Ken muttered under his breath, carefully gathering the soft dark curls into two high pigtails. "You're three. You shouldn't have opinions on symmetry yet."

"I have eyes, Dada," Diwa pointed out, tilting her chin up with an unimpressed pout.

From the open kitchen, a melodious laugh echoed over the sizzle of garlic fried rice.

"Don't blame me for your lack of salon skills, Felip," Y/N called out, leaning against the marble counter with a wooden spatula in hand.

Ken looked up, and the stern concentration on his face instantly melted into soft, helpless fondness.

Y/N was dressed in an oversized vintage tour shirt-one of Ken's favorites that she had permanently stolen-with her hair piled into a messy bun and her face glowing in the morning light.

She was striking, warm, and effortlessly witty, carrying a grounded confidence that had disarmed Ken the very first day they met years ago at a private charity exhibition.

What started as quiet conversations away from the spotlight had blossomed into an unshakeable four-year partnership and the greatest joy of their lives:

their little girl.

l.. am an artist with my hands," Ken argued playfully, giving Diwa's pigtails one last gentle tug before leaning back to admire his work. "Look at that. Masterpiece."

Diwa turned her head toward the polished glass of the coffee table, inspected her reflection with an intensely serious squint, sighed dramatically, and patted Ken's knee. "It's okay, Dada. You tried."

Y/N burst into laughter, walking over to place a plate of freshly cut mangoes and warm pandesal on the low table. "Savage. Pure savage. You created a monster, babe."

"She gets the sass from you, mahal," Ken said, wrapping an arm around Y/N's waist as she sat beside him, pulling her close enough to press a soft kiss against her temple. "I am gentle and polite."

"Gentle and polite?" Y/N raised a teasing eyebrow, leaning into his warmth. "You glared the vacuum cleaner yesterday because it bumped into your shoe."

"It was disrespectful," Ken deadpanned.

Diwa nodded gravely in agreement around a slice of mango. "Very rude machine."

Ken grinned, booping his daughter's button nose. "See? She knows."

For four years, this bubble had been their best-kept secret. Outside these walls, Ken was SB19's enigmatic main dancer and vocalist, adored by millions across the globe.

But inside, he was just Felip-the dad who read bedtime stories in silly voices, burned the bottom of pancakes, and held his daughter's hand on evening strolls in the backyard.

Not even Pablo, Stell, Josh, or Justin knew. Not even Ken's own parents or large extended family back home had been told yet. Ken was so fiercely protective of Y/N and Diwa that he had sworn to keep them sheltered from the volatile world of entertainment until the time was entirely right.

He had a rare full week off, the house was stocked with groceries, and nothing could possibly disrupt their peaceful morning.

Or so he thought.

The Doorbell Disaster

At 11:15 AM, two separate vehicles were navigating the quiet streets of Ken's private subdivision, completely unaware of each other's existence.

In a sleek black company van, four idols were crammed together amidst bags of takeout and video game controllers.

"I'm telling you, he's not answering because he's in his cave mode," Stell said, peering into the vanity mirror to adjust his fringe while holding two massive bags of fried chicken

and milk tea. "Whenever Felip gets three consecutive days off, he reverts to being a solitary forest creature. We are doing a public service by forcing him to socialize."

"We are bringing him lunch and checking on his vocal arrangement for next month," Pablo corrected from the passenger seat, his leader instincts on high alert as he reviewed a tablet.

"Though I admit, dropping by unannounced is our only way to ensure he doesn't survive entirely on instant ramen and canned tuna."

"Plus, I brought the new Mario Kart," Josh piped up from the back, grinning like a menace.

"He owes me a rematch from three weeks ago. I'm going to ruin his peace." Justin, sitting quietly near the window with his vintage film camera slung across his chest, smiled warmly. "I brought some freshly baked pastries from my brother's shop. Ken always likes the cheese rolls."

"See? We are thoughtful, loving brothers," Stell declared proudly as the van pulled up to the curb outside Ken's high gate. "He will weep tears of gratitude."

At the exact same moment, a large white rented passenger van pulled up directly behind them.

Inside was Ken's entire family-his mother, father, siblings, and an energetic assortment of aunts and cousins who had flown into Manila on a surprise holiday trip from the province.

"Look, look! Is this Felip's house?" Ken's mother, Nanay, beamed, clutching her handbag tightly as she peered out the window. "Look how big the gate is! Tatay, get the Tupperware of dried fish and kinilaw from the trunk!"

"Wait, Nanay," one of Ken's cousins pointed out. "Who are those boys getting out of the black van in front of us?"

The doors of both vans opened simultaneously.

Stell stepped out, took one look at the crowd of people tumbling out of the white van with woven bags, native delicacies, and large Tupperware containers, and froze.

"Wait..." Stell whispered, his eyes widening. "Is that... Mama Suson?!"

Nanay turned around, her face instantly lighting up with pure delight. "Ay! Stell! Pablo! Josh! Jah-Jah! Susmaryosep, what a wonderful coincidence!"

"Nanay!" Pablo gasped, instantly bowing respectfully and rushing forward to take her hand for mano, followed immediately by Justin, Josh, and Stell. "What are you all doing here? Did Ken know you were visiting Manila?!"

"No, no! It's a surprise!" Ken's father chuckled heartily, patting Pablo on the back. "We wanted to visit our hardworking boy! He said he was resting at home today, so we told his cousin to drive us straight here from the airport!"

"We brought food!" Stell announced, waving the takeout bags with wide, dramatic eyes.

"You brought food! This is fate! Ken is going to lose his mind!"

"He's probably still asleep," Josh smirked, walking up to the pedestrian gate. Finding the latch unlocked-Ken had left it open for a grocery delivery later-he pushed it open with a flourish. "Come on in, everyone! Welcome to the Felip Jhon sanctuary!"

A cheerful, bustling parade of eleven people-four SB19 members, two parents, siblings, and aunts-marched up the stone garden path, chatting excitedly in a lively mix of Tagalog and Bisaya.

Standing at the front door, Pablo raised his hand and pressed the doorbell three firm times.

Everyone Meets Diwa

Inside the house, Ken was in the middle of flipping a grilled cheese sandwich in the kitchen when the doorbell chimed.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong.

"Delivery already?" Y/N asked from the dining table, where she was organizing Diwa's coloring books. "I thought the groceries were scheduled for two o'clock."

"I'll check," Ken said lazily, sliding the pan off the heat. He wiped his hands on a kitchen towel, padded through the hallway in his oversized grey sweatpants and slippers, and unlocked the heavy wooden front door.

"If this is another wrong address for parcel delivery, I'm-" Ken pulled the door wide open.

The words evaporated from his throat.

Standing on his porch in broad daylight was his entire universe, colliding all at once. To his left stood Pablo, Stell, Josh, and Justin, holding milk tea and fried chicken. To his right stood his mother, father, siblings, and aunts, holding boxes of native delicacies and dried fish. All eleven of them were smiling warmly at him.

Ken's brain instantly suffered a catastrophic system shutdown. His eyes went wide as dinner plates, his jaw slacked, and the color completely drained from his face.

"S-Surprise!" Stell sang out in a glorious, vibrato-laced high note, throwing his arms in the air.

"Felip, my son!" Nanay cried happily, stepping forward to pull him into a tight embrace before he could even register movement. "Look at you, you look thin! Have you been eating?!"

"Ma...?" Ken croaked, his deep voice cracking into a high squeak. He

looked like he was witnessing a supernatural event. "P-Pablo? What... how... why are you all here?!"

"Surprise visit!" Pablo laughed, patting Ken's frozen shoulder. "Your family arrived at the exact same second we did! Talk about group synergy. Can we come in? It's burning hot out here."

"Wait-no-stop-hold on-" Ken stammered frantically, his hands flying up like a traffic cop trying to stop an oncoming freight train. "You can't come in right now! The house is... being fumigated! With... special idol air!"

"Special idol air?" Josh snorted, effortlessly dodging Ken's outstretched arm and slipping through the doorway. "Since when do you care about dust? Move aside, Felip, I need to use your restroom."

"Josh, no! Wait!" Ken gasped, spinning around in sheer panic.

It was too late.

The entire family and SB19 filed into the spacious foyer, kicking off their shoes and marveling at the clean, airy layout of the home.

"Wow, Ken, this place is so bright!" Justin noted, looking around with an artistic eye. "I thought you only lived in dark, moody spaces with black curtains."

"Wait, whose tiny pink shoes are these?" Stell asked, blinking down at the entryway mat where a pair of glittery pink toddler sneakers sat neatly beside Ken's size-eleven boots.

Before Ken could dive across the floor to hide the shoes with his body, the sound of tiny, purposeful footsteps echoed from the wooden staircase.

"Dada," a sharp, clear toddler voice rang out across the silent room. "The TV is asking for password. Fix it."

Everyone froze.

Ten heads snapped simultaneously toward the base of the stairs.

Standing there with her small hands tucked into the pockets of her oversized black hoodie was three-year-old Diwa. She had Ken's exact sharp facial structure, his dark, intensely focused eyes, and two slightly crooked pigtails tied with sparkling pink elastics. Slung over her shoulder was a small toy microphone.

Behind her, Y/N stepped into view, holding a sippy cup. "Babe, did you change the Wi-Fi password again? Diwa wants to watch-"

Y/N stopped dead in her tracks.

She looked at the eleven frozen people in the foyer.

The eleven people stared back at her.

Then everyone looked down at Diwa.

Diwa did not blink. She slowly pulled one hand from her pocket, tilted her head to the side with Ken's trademark skeptical squint, and surveyed the crowd of wide-eyed strangers occupying her living room.

"Dada," Diwa said, her deep little voice cutting cleanly through the suffocating silence.

"Who are these noisy people in our house?"

For five agonizing seconds, nobody breathed.

Then, Stell let out a high-pitched shriek that could shatter bulletproof glass.

"A BABY?!" Stell screamed, clutching his face with both hands. "PABLO, THERE IS A MINI KEN! THERE IS A LITERAL POCKET-SIZED FELIP STANDING ON THE STAIRS!"

"D-Diyos ko..." Nanay gasped, her hand flying to her chest as her eyes darted between Diwa, Ken, and Y/N. "Tatay... am I seeing ghosts or did our son duplicate himself?!"

Pablo dropped the box of takeout fried chicken. It landed with a dull, muffled thud on the floor.

Ken closed his eyes, pressed the heels of his hands against his forehead, and whispered a silent prayer to the universe.

The Family Interrogation

Ten minutes later, the living room looked like a courtroom crossed with a family reunion.

Ken and Y/N sat side-by-side on the long grey sofa. Ken looked like a guilty teenager caught sneaking out past curfew, his shoulders hunched and his gaze glued to the coffee table. Y/N, however, sat tall and composed, radiating a calm, elegant warmth that immediately anchored the room.

Diwa sat directly between them, happily swinging her short legs and eating a piece of pandesal while watching the chaos with deep amusement.

Opposite them, the SB19 members and Ken's family were crammed onto armchairs, dining stools, and floor cushions.

"Three years?!" Nanay's voice echoed through the high ceilings, wavering between tearful shock and maternal indignation. "Felip Jhon Suson! You have a three-year-old daughter and a beautiful partner, and you didn't tell your own mother?!"

"Ma, listen, please-" Ken began, his voice rough and pleading. "I wanted to! I swear I wanted to tell you! But everything was so crazy with our debut, the tours, the schedules... I just wanted to keep them safe. I didn't want the internet or the media or crazy rumors touching them."

"He was trying to protect us, Tita," Y/N spoke up softly, her voice steady and respectful.

"When Diwa was born, SB19 was just starting to blow up globally. Felip was working twenty-hour days. He drove two hours in the middle of the night just to sing her to sleep, then drove back to dance practice at dawn. He kept us hidden because he loved us, not because he was ashamed."

Ken looked at Y/N, his dark eyes shimmering with unspoken gratitude, and reached over to intertwine his fingers with hers.

The room softened instantly.

Nanay's stern expression melted into a quivering pout. She wiped a tear from her cheek and looked over at Y/N. "You poor thing... raising this little angel while this stubborn boy was running around stages! Come here, give your mother-in-law a hug!"

Within seconds, Nanay had crossed the floor, pulling Y/N into a massive, tearful embrace.

Ken's aunts immediately joined in, cooing over Y/N's beauty, admiring her patience, and scolding Ken in rapid-fire Bisaya for keeping such a gorgeous daughter-in-law hidden away.

Meanwhile, SB19 was still recovering from psychological whiplash.

Pablo was sitting with his hands clasped under his chin, staring intensely at Diwa as if analyzing the vocal arrangement of a complex ballad. "She has your exact brow line, Ken and your jaw. It's scientifically terrifying."

"She's adorable!" Stell squealed, practically vibrating on his cushion. He leaned forward, flashing his sweetest, most charming smile at Diwa. "Hi, baby! I'm Uncle Stell! Can you say Uncle Stell? I can sing high notes! La la la~"

Diwa stopped chewing her bread. She stared at Stell for three long seconds with Ken's signature unbothered expression, then looked at Y/N. "Mama. Why is that bird screaming?"

Josh burst into a roaring, uncontrollable fit of laughter, slapping his knee so hard he nearly tumbled off the armchair. "A bird! She called you a bird, Stell! Oh, she is definitely Ken's kid!"

"She has taste," Ken muttered with a proud little smirk, only for Y/N to playfully nudge his ribs.

"Be nice to your uncle, Diwa," Y/N scolded gently, smiling at Stell. "She's not used to high vocal ranges in the morning."

Justin quietly moved closer, kneeling beside the coffee table. He pulled a small, brightly wrapped butter roll from his box and offered it to Diwa with a gentle, disarming smile. "Hi, Diwa. I'm Justin. I brought bread."

Diwa's eyes lit up. She accepted the pastry with both hands, inspected it carefully, and nodded in approval. "You are the nice one. You can stay."

"I have been officially approved," Justin whispered triumphantly, looking over at Pablo with a glowing smile.

"This is madness," Pablo murmured, running a hand through his hair, though a wide, fond grin was breaking across his face. "Absolute madness. Ken... you're a dad."

"I'm a dad," Ken nodded softly, wrapping his arm around Diwa and pulling her into his lap. Diwa leaned back against his chest with total comfort, resting her small hand over his thumb.

"And you thought you had to hide this from us?" Pablo asked, his tone dropping into warm, brotherly sincerity. "We're a family, Ken. All of us. If you have a daughter, then SB19 has a niece. We protect our own."

Ken swallowed the sudden lump in his throat, nodding quietly. For the first time in three years, the crushing weight of keeping his two lives separate began to lift from his shoulders.

Operation Auntie and Uncle

By 2:00 PM, Ken's quiet sanctuary had devolved into pure, unadulterated circus territory.

The living room had been officially converted into Diwa's royal court, and every single adult in the house was competing for the title of favorite relative.

In the kitchen, Ken's mother and aunts had completely commandeered the stove, working side-by-side with Y/N. The air was thick with the mouthwatering aroma of chicken adobo, beef sinigang, and sweet banana fritters.

"You have such a good heart, hija," Nanay said, gently patting Y/N's shoulder as they stirred the simmering broth. "Felip has always been quiet and private, even as a little boy.

We worried so much about him being lonely in the city. Seeing how happy he is with you and Diwa... our hearts are finally at peace."

Y/N smiled, a warm flush rising to her cheeks. "He takes good care of us, Nanay. Even when he's exhausted, he never complains. He's the best father Diwa could ever ask for."

Across the counter, Ken's aunts were already flipping through baby photos on their phones, comparing pictures of baby Ken to Diwa. "Look, look! The exact same chubby cheeks! When Felip was three, he also refused to smile for photos unless we gave him dried mango!"

Meanwhile, in the living room, "Operation Spoil the Niece" was in full swing.

Josh was sitting cross-legged on the rug, attempting to teach Diwa how to hold a Nintendo Switch controller. "Okay, Diwa. Press the red button to make the kart jump. Like this- bam!"

Diwa pressed the button, watched her digital kart crash directly into a brick wall, turned the controller upside down, and handed it back to Josh. "Your game is broken, Uncle Josh."

"It's not broken, you just have to steer!" Josh protested, laughing.

"Broken," Diwa repeated firmly, crossing her arms with a deadpan stare that made Josh raise his hands in defeat.

"She's impossible to argue with. Ken, she got your stubbornness."

"She got logic," Ken called out from the recliner, looking entirely relaxed with a cold glass of iced tea. "Don't blame my daughter because you're bad at teaching."

"Excuse me! My turn!" Stell announced, dramatically sliding onto his knees in front of Diwa. He pulled a giant, fluffy plush bunny out of his bag-which he had originally bought as a gift for a fan event backup-and presented it with flourish. "Look, Princess Diwa! A fluffy bunny! What do you say?"

Diwa eyed the plush toy suspiciously. She reached out, patted its ears twice, looked Stell dead in the eye, and asked, "Does it wear black?"

Stell gasped in theatrical agony. "Why does a three-year-old have a goth aesthetic?! Justin, help me!"

Justin chuckled softly, sitting beside Diwa with a sketchbook and a pack of crayons. "Here, Diwa. Let's draw Dada."

Diwa immediately picked up a black crayon and began scribbling with intense dedication.

After two minutes, she held up the paper. It was a large, round black circle with two angry dots for eyes and a small pair of combat boots at the bottom.

"Dada," Diwa announced proudly.

Justin held back a burst of laughter, examining the masterpiece. "The resemblance is uncanny. It captures his soul."

Pablo sat on the floor nearby, watching the entire scene with a soft, protective smile. He reached out, gently ruffling Diwa's hair. "You know, Ken... we're going to have to toddler- proof the dance studio now. She's going to be visiting us."

Ken froze, looking over at Pablo. "You... you want her at the studio?"

"Of course," Pablo said without hesitation. "She's part of the family now. Whenever it's safe and private, she has a place with us. Always."

Ken leaned his head back against the cushion, a rare, brilliant smile spreading across his face. "Thanks, bro."

Almost Viral

The chaos was running at peak happiness when disaster struck at 4:30 PM.

Justin had been documenting the afternoon with his film camera and smartphone, capturing sweet, candid moments of the family reunion-Ken's dad laughing with Pablo, the mountains of food on the dining table, and the members relaxing on the couch.

"I'm going to post a quick story for A'TIN," Justin said casually, leaning against the kitchen island as he selected a photo of the food spread. "Just to let them know we're having a team rest day and eating good home cooking."

"Tag the fried chicken place!" Stell shouted from the living room, where he was currently letting Diwa put colorful hair clips into his styled fringe. "Tell them I single-handedly kept their franchise in business!"

Justin tapped his screen, typed a quick caption-Rest day with the best team and family- and hovered his thumb over the 'Share' button.

Josh, who happened to be strolling past with a glass of juice, glanced casually over Justin's shoulder.

Josh's eyes locked onto the bottom right corner of the preview image. His brain short-circuited.

"JAH, STOP!" Josh roared, slapping Justin's phone clean out of his hand. The phone flew through the air and landed with a soft bounce on the sofa cushion.

Every single conversation in the house stopped dead. "Josh!" Justin gasped, looking down at his phone in shock. "What was that for?!"

"Look at the reflection!" Josh hissed, diving across the carpet to

grab the device. He zoomed in on the shiny surface of the stainless-steel refrigerator visible in the corner of the photo.

Reflected in high-definition clarity was Y/N, wearing Ken's tour shirt, holding Diwa in her arms while Ken stood behind them with his chin resting gently on Y/N's shoulder, smiling softly.

On the dining table in the foreground, a bright pink toddler sippy cup with the name DIWA printed in bold glitter letters was sitting right beside Pablo's SB19 production folder.

If that photo had gone live, the internet would have unraveled the entire secret in under thirty seconds.

A collective, cold gasp rippled through the room.

Justin's face turned paper-white. "Oh, God. Oh, no. I didn't see... I was just looking at the food."

Ken stood up from his chair, his posture instantly stiffening into protective mode. Y/N moved closer, instinctively placing a hand on Diwa's shoulder.

For a brief, terrifying second, the old fear returned-the reality of how fragile their privacy truly was, and how easily a single careless click could expose his daughter to millions of eyes before she was ready.

Pablo stepped forward immediately, taking the phone from Josh's hand. He reviewed the image, his expression calm, commanding, and utterly resolute.

"Delete the draft," Pablo ordered quietly.

Justin immediately deleted the post and cleared the recent uploads folder, his hands trembling slightly. "Ken... Y/N... I am so, so sorry. I would never intentionally-"

"Hey," Ken interrupted gently, walking over and placing a firm, reassuring hand on Justin's shoulder. "I know, Jah. It was an accident. Nobody's mad."

"This is exactly why we need rules," Pablo said, turning to address the entire room-SB19 and Ken's family alike. "Listen to me, everyone. Ken's life here is sacred. Diwa's childhood is sacred. Not a single photo, video, or location tag leaves this house without Ken and Y/N's explicit permission. If anyone asks where we were today, we were having lunch at a private studio lounge. Clear?"

"Clear," Josh and Stell answered in unison, completely dropping their goofy antics.

Ken's father nodded firmly from the sofa. "Pablo is right. Our family protects our children. What happens under this roof stays under this roof."

Diwa, noticing the serious atmosphere, walked over and tugged on Justin's pant leg.

When Justin looked down, she held up a half-eaten butter roll. "Don't be sad, Uncle Jah. You can have my bread."

Justin's eyes welled with fond tears. He knelt down, gently tapping her nose. "Thank you, Diwa. You're the sweetest."

Ken let out a long, shuddering breath, looking around at the circle of people standing in fierce, united defense of his little girl. The fear that had haunted him for three years evaporated into thin air.

He wasn't protecting them alone anymore.

The Big Conversation

As the sun began to dip below the horizon, painting the sky in gorgeous hues of amber, violet, and gold, the house settled into a peaceful rhythm.

Ken's mother and aunts had taken Diwa upstairs to the master bedroom for an early evening story session, leaving the living room in quiet tranquility.

Ken walked out onto the spacious back patio, leaning against the wooden railing and looking out over the quiet garden. The cool evening breeze ruffled his hair.

The sliding glass door clicked open, and Pablo, Stell, Josh, and Justin stepped outside, holding mugs of warm tea.

"You okay, Felip?" Pablo asked, leaning beside him against the rail.

Ken was quiet for a long moment, watching the amber light fade between the leaves. "I thought you guys would be mad."

"Mad?" Stell echoed, snorting softly. "Ken, we were shocked. We had twenty different heart attacks in the span of five minutes. But mad? Never."

"I felt guilty," Ken confessed, his deep voice thick with raw honesty. "All those times we were in the studio working through the night, talking about our dreams, our struggles... I felt like I was lying to you every time I went home. But every time I looked at Diwa... I just got terrified. You know how ruthless the internet can be. The rumors, the hate comments, the paparazzi. I couldn't bear the thought of someone aiming that at her."

"You don't ever have to apologize for protecting your child, Ken," Josh said softly, his usual teasing tone replaced by deep sincerity. "We know the price of this job. We know what we give up. If anyone understands why you built a fortress around them, it's us."

"And you found someone incredible," Stell added, smiling warmly. "Y/N is so grounded, smart, and she loves you for who you actually are-not the idol, but the dorky boy who can't tie piqtails."

Ken let out a soft, breathy chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck. "She really is."

"We're with you, Ken," Pablo said, clapping a solid, supportive hand on Ken's back.

"Whenever the day comes that you decide to share your family with the world, we'll stand right beside you. And until that day comes, this house is a vault. Nobody touches Diwa and nobody touches Y/N. We've got your back."

Justin smiled, holding up his mug. "To our favorite niece."

"To Diwa," Josh and Stell cheered softly.

Ken tapped his mug against theirs, the warmth in his chest spreading through every fiber of his being. "To Diwa."

The sliding door opened again, and Y/N stepped out onto the patio, wrapping a warm cardigan around her shoulders. She looked at the five men standing together in the twilight, their bond unbreakable.

"Hey, boys," Y/N smiled. "Dinner's ready. Nanay says if you don't eat within five minutes, she's feeding your portions to the neighbor's cat."

"Coming, Mama Suson!" Stell shouted, instantly scrambling back inside, followed closely by Josh and Justin.

Ken lingered behind, catching Y/N's hand as she turned to follow. He pulled her gently into his chest, wrapping his arms around her waist and burying his face into the crook of her neck.

"You okay, babe?" Y/N murmured, her fingers running through his dark hair.

"Better than okay," Ken whispered against her skin. "I'm happy."

Y/N smiled, kissing his cheek. "Me too. Now come on, your daughter is currently trying to feed chicken to Stell's plush bunny."

Welcome Home, Diwa

The dining table was an absolute masterpiece of joyful chaos.

Large banana leaves were laid across the massive table for a traditional boodle fight, piled high with mounds of steaming garlic rice, grilled pork belly, chicken adobo, salted eggs, fresh tomatoes, and fried plantains.

Seventeen people were gathered around the table, laughing, passing food, and shouting over one another in a vibrant tapestry of family love.

Diwa sat perched on a booster seat between Ken and Y/N, wearing a clean oversized white tee and a paper crown that Justin had folded for her. She was happily eating rice with her tiny hands, nodding in deep appreciation with every bite.

"Diwa, say ahhh," Tatay said, offering her a sweet piece of mango from his fork.

Diwa happily opened wide, munched on the fruit, and gave her grandfather two enthusiastic thumbs up. "Good job, Tatay."

The table erupted into laughter.

"See? She knows good food!" Ken's father beamed proudly. "Just like her father!"

Across the table, Stell was dramatically recounting the story of their first meeting on the porch, complete with full-body re-enactments and high-pitched gasps that had Ken's aunts wiping tears of laughter from their eyes.

"And then she looked at me," Stell gasped, clutching his chest, "and asked why the bird was screaming! The disrespect! The sheer vocal critique from a three-year-old!"

"She wasn't wrong, Stell," Josh chimed in smoothly, stealing a piece

of pork from Stell's leaf. "Your vibrato was at least two semitones sharp."

"I am an artist, Josh!"

Pablo raised his glass of iced tea, tapping his spoon against the glass to catch everyone's attention.

The room quieted down, all eyes turning toward the leader.

"I just want to say a few words," Pablo began, his expression glowing with sincere warmth.

"Today started as a chaotic accident. We showed up uninvited, Ken almost passed out from terror, and we nearly had fifty heart attacks. But looking around this table right now... I don't think there's anywhere else we were supposed to be."

Pablo looked over at Ken, Y/N, and Diwa.

"Ken, you spent three years carrying this beautiful secret all by yourself to keep it safe. But from today on, you don't carry anything alone. You have five brothers, two loving families, and an army of aunts, uncles, and grandparents who will protect this little girl with everything we have. To Y/N-welcome to the madness. And to Diwa-welcome home."

"Welcome home, Diwa!" the entire table cheered in unison, raising their glasses high.

Diwa looked around at the sea of smiling faces, raised her tiny sippy cup into the air with serious, royal poise, and said, "Cheers, noisy people."

A collective wave of fond laughter swept through the room.

Ken looked around the crowded, noisy table. For years, his life had been split in two-the roaring stages of the world on one side, and this quiet, hidden haven on the other. He had

spent so long building walls to keep those worlds apart, terrified of what would happen if they ever collided.

But as he watched Stell make funny faces at Diwa, his mother laughing with Y/N, and Pablo debating music with his father, Ken realized the walls were never needed.

The people who truly loved him didn't tear his world apart.

They made it whole.

Ken reached under the table, finding Y/N's hand and squeezing it tightly. She looked at him and smiled, their fingers locking together in perfect, quiet harmony.

With his daughter laughing in his lap and his entire family surrounding him, Ken finally let out a long, contented breath.

He was home.